THE IRON BRIGADE

A STORY OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC

...By... GENERAL CHARLES KING.

CHAPTER I.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

They were paddling idly down the stream—two young men and a girl. She lay luxuriously back upon the cushions in the stern sheets, the tiller ropes hanging loosely from her slender white hands, her soft blue eyes fixed tenderly upon the fine face of the oarsman nearest her—a youth whose lithe, agile form swayed slowly to and fro in harmony with the swing of the long, light sculls. The wooded shores, the rural beauty of the scene, passed unnoticed. Something of absorbing interest kept "all eyes in the boat." Stroke and bow were in animated if not actually heated discussion, and the dark brown eyes that earlier in the afternoon seemed ever seeking those of liquid blue before him were now turned, sometimes to port, sometimes to starboard, sometimes over the squared shoulders, flashing on the man in front—a young athlete with eyes as blue and hair and skin well nigh as fair as those of the girl at the helm. He of the stroke sculls, on the contrary, was tawny, almost, as a son of the tropics. His head was crowned by a wealth of dark brown curls, tumbling low and luxuriant about his neck and brow and temples. The lashes of his deep, dark eyes were long, thick and beautifully curved. The shape of his face, in its perfect oval, had all the delicate beauty of a woman's. The mouth, lips, teeth and chin were almost perfect, and among the four score young fellows prominent in society of the Western metropolis there was not one to deny to Paul Ladue the palm for physical, or at least facial, charm. Ever since his coming among them, four years before, there was hardly a girl in all their circle in the bustling city that had not declared him "simply lovely."

Refined, delicate, even effeminate was his face—one to delight a painter. What it lacked was strength and will. A physiognomist would have turned from it speedily to study the strong, virile features, the square jaw, the firm set lips of the stalwart fellow at his back. It required no unusual power of divination to tell that he and the silent girl were brother and sister, and that between them sat, despite the heat of argument, a beloved and cherished friend.

"You'll never do it, even if you muster in every man north of the Ohio, Fred," said he of the dark, flashing eyes. "Our people will fight to the last man—and then the women and children will take it up."

Fred Benton shook his head in dissent—a sad smile on his face. For a moment he ceased rowing and bent earnestly forward:

"You, at least, can have no sympathy with the South after the wrong done your father, Paul, and I'm blessed if I can understand your taking up the cudgels for Alabama as you do."

The color deepened in Ladue's face. For a moment he made no reply, but the light shallop seemed to bound forward, spurning the foam from her sharp, white bow under the impetus of the supple strength he suddenly threw into the sculls. Benton had scored a hit—"a palpable hit." The eyes of the fair, slender girl suddenly brimmed with tears. There was something of reproach in the glance she threw at her stalwart brother. Well as the story was known, people rarely spoke of it to the Ladues. Four years old though it was, it still cut deep, and no one of their little household could refer to it without manifest emotion.

It was some time in '57 that the editor of a leading journal received a letter commending to him one Francis Ladue, who purposed settling in the city and going into business there. Presently Ladue came, and with him his little family—a fragile, sad-faced wife, a slender, big-eyed boy of sixteen, and two young children. Presently, too, marked copies of Southern papers were received, and little by little their story was told to an indignant and sympathetic community. Natives of the South and residents for years of a beautiful old Southern metropolis, they had been banished from the home of their love, driven from State to State, forbidden ever to return, and compelled finally to seek refuge among strangers in the cold and distant North, and the head and front of their offending had been that Ladue, sr., owner of the finest bookstore on the gulf coast, stood charged with having sold to an old customer one copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and when the store was searched by wrathful, slave-holding fellow-citizens three more copies were found on a far back shelf, "secreted," said the committee, "under a stack of bound volumes." No law had been violated. The book was poison—a blow at their "peculiar institution," and that was enough. The business it had taken Ladue nearly a quarter of a century to build up was ruined in a day.

Nor could the sympathy and cordial welcome of his new fellow-citizens begin to compensate for the loss. Ladue was shy and reserved, his wife a semi-invalid, and Paul a sensitive plant. The lad was sent to the best school, where, so soon as his story was known, the other youngsters gradually ceased from troubling, and sought in crude, clumsy, boyish fashion to give him comfort. It was long before he seemed to thaw out at all, but Fred Benton, a near neighbor when they passed into the high school, was the youth he finally tied to, and they this strangely assorted pair joined forces, apparently, for good and all. Damon and Pythias they called them, for after the first six months of shyness on Ladue's part they became inseparable. One was rarely seen without the other, yet they were utterly unlike. High school finished, Ladue was needed as assistant in his father's growing business. Benton had begun his study of law in the office of the famous old firm of which his father was the head. But before either had cast his first vote the long-heralded conflict between the North and South—the slave holders' rebellion, so called—had burst upon the startled land. Sumter had fallen. The President had called first for 75,000 men to defend the capital, then for 500,000 volunteers to prosecute the war.

For a moment there came no answer to Benton's tentative. Heightened color, compressed lips and a quick glance at the flushing face of the girl before him told, however, that Ladue was deeply moved. They were nearing the little boathouse now, and Benton, in turn bending to his sculls, sent their light craft shooting through the mirrorlike waters. Already he repented him of his words, yet there was something he longed to know. For upwards of three years there had been no secret between him and his chosen friend. Then came the election of Abraham Lincoln, then the secession of State after State, then the inauguration of our great Westerner as President, then Sumter and the call to arms. And now Paul Ladue, who had hitherto held no communication with his native State, was writing frequent letters thither, and feverishly, furtively, perhaps, awaiting reply. What did it portend?

A wave of patriotic fervor had swept over the West. On every hand men were quitting the desk, the plow or the tools of their trade, and flocking to the recruiting offices. Benton's name had been sent to the Governor for a commission in one of the new regiments. Mass meetings were being held almost every night, and energetic citizens were passing subscription papers from desk to desk that a fund might be raised for the benefit of the families of the rapidly enlisting husbands and fathers. One of these papers was brought to Ladue, sr. He colored, coughed, looked embarrassed, took out his checkbook, thought a moment, returned it, and then, going to his cash drawer, found some twenty dollars in currency and gave it to the collector. "No," said he, when asked to write his name, "I prefer following the precepts of the Scriptures—let not my left hand know what my right hand is doing." The committee looked queer when they heard the story. "He is willing to give, but—dreads its being known," said the mayor. "His heart is still with the South."

Yet Ladue gave again and gave gladly. "How could I do otherwise?" said he. "You and these kind people bade me welcome when life was at its blackest. I am a Southerner. I cannot fight against mine own people, no matter what they did to me. I cannot support them, however, in their revolt against the government which shields and protects me. I will not refuse to contribute toward the support of the wives and children of those who so kindly welcomed my wife and children. I and mine are grateful."

"But what is Paul going to do?" was the question that startled him one fair May morning. "He would not enlist with the boys here, and he's writing letter after letter to somebody there. It isn't possible he would fight for the people who broke his father's heart."

It had never occurred to Ladue. It was high time he interposed. Paul was barely twenty, and, therefore, still subject to his father's will. It was a soft, warm evening at the very verge of June as the trio came silently back from their up-river row—Paul and Elinor side by side, Fred, scull-laden, some distance in rear. They looked up at the aging Southerner, seated on his narrow porch, and smiled and nodded as they passed, but Fred propped his sculls against the tree box, and after a lingering gaze at the two wandering slowly and sorrowfully along the almost deserted street, let himself in at the gate for a few minutes of earnest talk. It was, indeed, time somebody in authority sought to dissuade the young man if it should prove that he were seeking service with the Alabama troops, and, since Paul could not be induced to talk, Fred determined to appeal to the father.

Meantime the two young people had gone on toward the Benton homestead. The soft twilight still lingered over roof and spire. The bells in the cathedral tower had just rung out the stroke of eight. Away down town, somewhere, a military band was playing stirring march music, and there came the sound of distant cheering, for another mass meeting was being held in Market square, and a gifted orator from Chicago was being presented to the throng. Up here near the bluffs overlooking the great inland sea all was still. The setreet lamps were only just being lighted. Some houses seemed to show no lights at all, as though all the inmates had gone to listen to the speaker of the evening. Elinor Benton looked warily within as they reached the gate in front of the quaint colonial house that had been her home since babyhood. Voices in low-toned chat floated out to her from the broad veranda, and with hardly a shadow of hesitation the girl turned and followed when he partner said, "Let us go back to the bluff a little while." Before she fully realized it she found herself leaning on his arm, and yet no further word had been spoken. He had simply possessed himself of her pretty, slender white hand, passed it within his elbow, and then clasped, or rather clamped, it there. For a few minutes neither seemed to care to speak. When they reached the edge of the bluff Ladue flung open the shawl he was carrying, spread a double thickness on the sod and begged her to sit. Silently she obeyed. Then he turned to her and his voice trembled as he asked:

"You heard Fred's question?"

An almost inaudible "Yes," was the sole response.

"What—do you think I—ought to do?" he wistfully, slowly asked. For a moment she could not reply. When the words came—for she was only seventeen and the position most trying—her clear young voice had a pathetic, tremulous undertone.

"How can I judge? Almost any one would say your duty was here—yet—I know—your heart—is there." And as she spoke the heart in her own pure young bosom was throbbing hard. For another little while there was silence, broken only by the sound of distant cheering from the center of the town—by the rhythmical, soothing plash of the wavelets on the pebbly beach beneath them. Far in the eastern firmament the spangled sky was bathed in silvery light, growing every moment more brilliant, and now, at the edge of the placid waters a glistening point appeared, spreading swiftly into a tiny segment of liquid fire that rose with slow, majestic grace at the dim horizon, gaining in bulk and brilliancy with every second, and sending toward them along the flawless sheen of the waters a long, radiant, tapering stream of dazzling light as, only just beyond her full, the sweet May moon began her star-circled flight to the zenith. Then Elinor, uplifting her face, looked upon the clear-cut features of the slender youth at her side, and saw that the dark eyes were filled with sadness and trouble unspeakable, saw that the soft lips, just shaded by the silken fringe of the boy mustache, were twitching and trembling with uncontrollable emotion, and her young heart brimmed over, as in sympathy and tenderness that for the moment overmastered her, she impulsively bent forward and with slender, tapering fingers touched his shoulder as though to turn him toward her, while with almost a sob in her voice she murmured:

"What is it, Paul? Tell me!"

And then the lad, throwing himself on his face, seized in both his the trembling little hand that had braved the shyness of maidenhood, the conventions of society, and bathed it in burning kisses and in scalding tears. "My heart is not there!" he sobbed. "You know well where it is, but—my duty—." Affrighted now, she sought to draw away her hand, but he clung to it. "No, Nell, no," he cried. "It's the first time I ever dared! It's the last time I ever may! I'm going, Nell; I've got to go, but remember, my heart isn't there. It's here—it's here with you."

And then on a sudden he sprang to his feet, dashed away the tears and stood with head uplifted, like that of a challenging stag, a picture of youthful grace and beauty in the silvery light of the gleaming disk now spurning the limpid waters, for voices, close at hand, broke the silence of the summerlike evening. Some one was climbing the pathway up the height. An instant of listening, and Elinor, too, sprang to her feet, and the sweet face that but a moment before was all mantled with the blush of girlish joy and love went suddenly white as the dainty gown she wore, and her eyes, as they turned on the youth by her side, filled with alarm.

"If you know he's going to join the rebel army and can prove it, why, that's enough," panted the first speaker. "The trouble is to prove it. Otherwise there's no law to hold him."

"Prove it! By heaven, Chris, you make me swear!" was the vehement answer. "If our postmaster would only do his duty we could prove far more—that he's in the rebel service at this minute—that he's here a spy in our midst—sending notes of all our preparations and forces and numbers, and, just as Andre was hung on the Hudson eighty years ago, so should that young scoundrel hang here now. The laws of war the world over will tell you so."

And then, scrambling to the crest, full in the light of the unclouded moon the two climbers straightened up and stood face to face with the man of whom they were speaking, Elinor Benton clinging, trembling, yet in speechless indignation, at his side.

For a moment there was awkward silence. Paul Ladue, with gleaming eyes, stood squarely confronting the foremost, a portly man of, perhaps, thirty years, who was still breathing hard as the result of his climb. His companion, tall and spare and a few years older, slowly ranged himself alongside his friend and looked to him to speak. The stout man stared for a few seconds at the silent twain, partly to recover breath, partly to recover wits. Finally he lamely said, "Oho!"

Then, finding the steadfast gaze of Ladue's burning brown eyes rather hard to bear, he turned to his companion. "Rather a—coincidence, isn't it?" said he. This remark, too, fell flat, for no response followed. It became necessary to say something more to relieve the situation, and obviously the gentleman knew not what to say. If there lived in this Western community a man Paul Ladue held in especial disfavor it was George McKinnon, junior partner in the firm of Benton, Gray & McKinnon, attorneys and counselors at law, and it was George McKinnon who stood there in the flesh and who, but a moment before, had denounced him as deserving the fate of the spy. Ample reason had he to hate McKinnon, for ever since Elinor's return, the previous autumn, from a visit to relatives in the East, that energetic practitioner had been a constant caller at the Benton homestead, and, despite the fact that Elinor had not yet finished her school days, was persistent in attentions that showed to all society he had become infatuated with her radiant beauty—that the man of thirty eagerly sought the girl of seventeen as his wife. On the other hand, McKinnon had noted with jealousy unspeakable that the frank, joyous boy and girl friendship that had existed throughout the lad's school days had given place to the half shy, half hesitant, yet strangely sweet relationship of early love, pure yet passionate. McKinnon was a keen student, a rising man at the bar, a brilliant "jury" lawyer, and just the one needed to strengthen the somewhat slow and ponderous combination of the old firm. Benton, a lawyer of the old school, held his young partner in high esteem, if not, indeed, in a certain awe, due to the daring and successful methods that had distinguished him ever since his call to the bar. On the other hand, he was not too well pleased with his son's choice of an intimate. Paul Ladue was a dreamer, an idler, a poet, perhaps—a youth to write sonnets and sing sentimental ballads (he did play the guitar delightfully, and was no mean performer on the banjo), he was what the stern, hard-headed old delver in facts and figures called "a lapdog sort of fellow"—just the last kind of intimate for a young man starting in the law. It was his gentle, tender-hearted wife who yearned over the sad-faced young exile and made him welcome to their fireside. It was the squire's love for her, the wife of his youth, that prompted him to follow her lead and be kind and hospitable to Paul Ladue, but he could hardly brook it either in Paul or his aging, breaking father that they who had suffered so much and so unjustly at the hands of the South should now seem to cling so tenaciously to all the ideals and traditions of their earlier days and persist in calling Alabama "home." Time and again he forcefully rebuked them both. Ladue, sr., would listen in submissive silence until challenged to reply, and then would merely say, "I dare say you're right, sir, but—they were my people nearly three score years. My eldest son lies buried there under the magnolias, and sometimes I think my heart is, too." Ladue, jr., would sit with flushing cheek and downcast eyes and say nothing at all. It was Fred who would take up the case for him in vehement debate. It was Elinor who would look volumes and who declared it good to see how faithful a boy could be to all the old home ties and associations. It was Mrs. Benton who had been his best and most powerful advocate for two long years, and then, it is hard to say which of the two lads more bitterly mourned her, for, the year before our story opens, the gentle lady had been borne to her last resting place. And now the war had come. The flag had been lowered in defeat at Sumter. The men of Massachusetts had been mobbed in the streets of Baltimore. The first levies in the far West had clashed with the enemy in Missouri, and hostile armies were arrayed upon the sacred soil of Virginia. Now when the young men of the Badger State were flocking to the recruiting offices, and companies and regiments were being filled to overflowing, when Damon, brimming with patriotic zeal and energy, was seeking a commission in the Union volunteers, Pythias Paul Ladue was known to be writing frequently, doubtless urgently, to his native State—the State that had banished and impoverished him, yet could not banish from his soul the old-time loyalty and love. It had amazed and offended many of these, his Northern friends who had welcomed and cheered him in the hour of his adversity. It had scandalized one man who had never shown him sympathy at all—the man now standing uneasily before him, unable to face the stern glitter in his speaking eyes. It was finally Paul who spoke:

"You say the postmaster should do his duty, Mr. McKinnon," said he, contempt and hot hatred in his trembling voice. "By opening my letters, do you mean? Somebody has been doing that already, and I believe you know—who!"

[To be Continued To-morrow.]

Chicago's Gum-Chewers.

Roswell Field, in Chicago Post.

Mr. William Elroy Curtis is usually so accurate and reliable in his statements that we are reluctant to take issue with anything he may say. Still, we think he is too conservative in the assertion that "Chicagoans use daily 200,000 pieces of gum." It is our candid opinion that at least 200,000 pieces are chewed by the shop ladies on State street alone, exclusive of the stenographer ladies and other ladies in the office buildings. Putting the population of Chicago at 1,800,000, we may assume that there are at least 500,000 ladies of all ranks and description. Of these ladies we are led by careful observation to estimate that fully 400,000 chew gum, and that without ceasing. While it is true that a thrifty lady will sometimes make one piece of gum tide her along for a week, very many are profligate in their chaws, hence, striking a grand average, we may assume with confidence that the number of lady chaws per diem must approach one million. And this does not make allowance for small boys, dyspeptic men, men who have been converted by Lucy Page Gaston, and gents. Two hundred thousand pieces of gum daily, forsooth! Where is Mr. Curtis's civic pride?

RUSSIAN PERSECUTION.

Harsh Treatment of Sect Known as the Stundists.

Odessa Novish.

Recently in the Odessa district court was heard the case of the peasants from the village of Good Hope (Dobraya Nedezhda)—Hariton and Marie Timoshenko, T. and J. Vitiukov and others to the number of twenty persons—accused under Paragraph 29 of the penal code.

On Feb. 10 the accused assembled in the house of H. Timoshenko and were praying to God. When the police officials entered the said house they found that one of the Stundists, T. Vitiukov, was reading the gospel. Akulina Kravchenko was reading something and was crying, and when asked to disperse they replied that they would not disperse until they had finished praying to God. The local clergyman testified that all the accused, with the exception of G. Vitiukov, belong to the sect of Stundists.

Brought into court by the pristav of the second cantonment, the accused did not acknowledge themselves to be Stundists. The rural chief of the fourth section of the Odessa district, Mr. Emelianov, taking into consideration that the accused are obstinately disinclined to submit to the directions of the government, which forbid Stundists to carry out congregational divine service, and that the majority of them are several times annually called to account for similar offenses, sentenced seventeen of the peasants to a fine of 40 rubles each, with an alternative, if they were unable to meet it, of imprisonment for one month and a half each. Three of the peasants, being orthodox and having accidentally visited the congregation, were acquitted by the rural chief. A few days ago this case was re-examined in the Odessa district assembly of judges in consequence of an appeal made by the accused. In their petition the accused, among other considerations, put forth the plea that freedom of religion is granted not only to Christians of foreign persuasions, but also to Hebrews, Mohammedans and pagans; that the fundamental law (Paragraph 45, Volume 1, Part 1, of the Law Code) makes no exceptions—everybody praises the Lord God according to his own understanding and conscience. The opinion pronounced by the clergyman, Sandulski, the petitioners find incompetent, in consequence of his want of knowledge of the religious dogmas of the Stundists and the Baptists. Insisting on their being Baptists, that their meeting bore a casual character and that they were only praying that the Lord bless the distant journey of their relations and fellow-villagers, who were emigrating to the province of Orenburg, the accused begged the court to acquit them. The assistant procureur, in presenting his conclusions to the court, found it necessary to point out that the accused were quite within their rights in objecting to the orthodox clergyman as an expert on the subject of Stundists, and that other and different experts should be called. The judges retired and after ten minutes' consultation returned and confirmed the sentence of the rural chief.

TAXPAYERS AND CHARITIES.

A Medical Periodical's View on Subsidizing Private Institutions.

American Medicine.

In the United States the total local and state aid to private charities amounts at least to $11,000,000 a year. There are only a few of the States in which the subsidizing evil is not more or less intrenched. Pennsylvania is the worst of all, nearly $6,000,000 of the public money, more than for all the rest of the country combined, having been used in 1901. New York is next, with about $3,600,000. But in New York it is the city and not the State that subsidizes. In Pennsylvania it is the State, and the resultant degradation is general and greatest. Beside the wrong to the dependent, it is a wrong to the taxpayer and to the general public. There can be no reform so long as every influential citizen, interested as he is in some institution, dare not speak or act against the boss and the dominant party, Democratic or Republican.

State appropriations paralyze all independence and prevent the possibility of betterment. The boss is enthroned, so that criticism is unforgivable lese majeste. The second most important harm done by this wholesale bribery is that private beneficence is dried up. When the aid of the state treasury is so easily secured there seems to be no need of private charity. And with the loss of this personal interest there is the loss of the personal control which makes any institution of value and of service to humanity.

When the institution subsidized is sectarian the most fundamental principle of our government, the separation of church and state, is outraged, and the grant in such cases could be, and should be, declared unconstitutional. There is no absolute control by the State of the private subsidized institutions, twist and misstate the facts as one will, and without such control there is no guarantee of honest management. Falsified statistics are often the means of securing state aid.

Charitable institutions should be wholly and absolutely supported and managed by the State or by private individuals.

UNION MUST BE RESPONSIBLE.

Why Labor Organizations Should Consent to Become Incorporated.

Gunton's Magazine.

If laborers expect to be recognized, if they expect anybody to make contracts with them, they must keep their contracts. People without honor cannot expect honorable treatment. If labor organizations are to be effective, they must be responsible, else they are nothing more than a mob.

The miners complain that there are altogether too many laborers employed, so that few of them get full time. There is a reason for this, and it lies in the loose, reckless conduct of the laborers themselves. It is a common thing, where the union is strong, for the miners to go in and out of the mines whenever they please. Instead of working eight hours, which is supposed to be the minimum day's work, they will frequently leave after working three or four hours, no matter how urgent the demand for coal may be. If they take a notion to leave they drop their picks and walk off. If a union miner is discharged for refusing to work a full day, a strike will be ordered. Thus, in the bituminous coal field, while the theory is that eight hours shall be worked, the actual is less than six. When they leave their work on Friday, as they often do, refusing to go in the mine on Saturday, many of them go on a drunk for two or three days, reporting perhaps Tuesday or Wednesday. If the employer complains, especially if he discharges one of the men for such a trifle, he may expect a strike; and so on through the whole category of misdemeanors and delinquencies.

College "Stunt."

Boston Herald.

"Public Library sold at auction to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock." Standing at the Park-street entrance to the subway at 10 o'clock last evening a young man made this startling announcement to large numbers of persons whom he attracted by ringing a small handbell. He was attired in a straw hat, a jacket turned inside out. In one hand was the bell and in the other a red lantern.

He was given a wide berth by many persons, who thought he was out of his mind. To those who recognized it as another college "stunt" it furnished much amusement. He was only a student earning his initiation to a college society. With a crowd at his heels, the young man turned up Park street, ringing the bell and making the foregoing announcement every few steps.

Department Oddities.

Washington Letter.

In the museum of the Postoffice Department among the thousands of interesting relics is a piece of the flooring of the old postoffice building in Baltimore, containing a hole in the shape of the sole of a man's shoe. This hole was worn through the flooring in the course of many years by diligent distributing clerks standing in one position while handling the mails.

One feature of this museum has been the hundreds of photographs that were collected during the civil war because of misdirection or failure to find the persons they were sent to. At one time there were 7,000 pictures of the civil war soldiers in the collection. This number has been gradually reduced until there are now about 700. As visitors have examined the collection through two decades since the war the photographs have gradually been recognized and claimed. Only the other day a little, gray-haired woman in looking over these pictures became excited and finally burst into tears. An attendant asked her what was the matter, and, smiling through her tears, she said:

"Why, there is a picture of my brother. I have never seen one before and I have not seen him since that was taken."

It was the photograph of a young soldier taken by a camp photographer during the civil war. The little woman was made happy by the receipt of the picture of her brother, who lost his life nearly forty years ago.

FAITH CURE IN JAPAN.

A Buddhist Sect That Believes Not in Medicine, but in Prayer.

New York Sun.

Faith cure as a remedy for the ills of the flesh is by no means confined to Christendom. In Japan one of the numerous sects of Buddhists has as its distinguishing article of faith that all human ills may be cured by prayer.

This sect and its belief were the topic of discussion before a meeting of the Asiatic Society of Japan at Tokio in the latter part of March, and what was said on that occasion is printed in the last transactions of the society.

The gist of the addresses was to the effect that the believers are firmly convinced that they know by experience of many marvels wrought by the exercise of their faith. They say, therefore, not only that their faith is true, but also that they have thousands of indubitable proofs of its truth.

In their form of Buddhism much less stress is laid upon a future life than upon the necessity of faith in order to secure ease, health and happiness in the present world.

The sect was founded by a man named Yanagita, born in 1798, whose character was simple and studious, who spent most of his long life in the service of religion. He died in 1877. Early in his religious work he claimed to have attained to the certain knowledge that all good things were the reward of faith.

One day he met a woman named Shimamura Mitsu, who suffered from a malady apparently incurable, but was restored to health by his prayers. She became his disciple, and together they carried on a regular propaganda of their religion.

A great temple was built at Kokura as the abiding center for the faith, and after Yanagita's death the woman went to Tokio to spread her doctrines, and in the later years of her life she wrongly pretended to be the founder of the faith.

The followers of this faith call themselves by a name meaning "Lotus Gate Teaching." They adopted this name, as they say, because just as the lotus, rooted in mud, attains to spotless purity, so those who follow the faith of the Lotus Gate attain to purity in the midst of an evil world.

Charges of immorality and other evil deeds have been brought against this sect, and some of them appear to be true. The teachers of the faith from this woman, Shimamura Mitsu, downward have been ignorant persons, whose ignorance is not counterbalanced by superior sanctity.

The sale of charms is a great source of profit to the sect. Prayers should always be made through a priest, and there are fixed charges for priestly intercession.

The special assertion made by the priests is that diseases, whatever their nature, are healed summarily in response to prayer. On the ethical side, the teaching of the sect is essentially the popularized Confucianism.

The priests have at their tongues' end many hundred stories of alleged miracles wrought as a result of the prayers of the faithful. They tell, for example, of the case of a poor lunatic in Osaka, who was instantly cured after many years of torment to herself and wretchedness to her family.

The sect is large, but, in the opinion of the gentleman who described it, there are unmistakable signs of decay. One gentleman expressed the view that "such superstition as this sect involves cannot much longer withstand the common school and the public press."

The Lake Superior Copper Situation.

Mines and Minerals.

One year ago upward of 5,000 tons of refined copper were stacked up on the wharves at Dollar bay awaiting shipment. The Buffalo refinery, of the Calumet & Hecla, had immense stores of copper on hand, and the big producers at numerous other points were carrying an undue quantity of metal. At present the smelters of this and of all other American copper producing districts are shipping their metal as rapidly as made. The end of the season of lake navigation will find the local wharves bare of copper, and there promises to be a resumption of the all-rail consignments noted during the past three winter seasons. There is no question that 12 cents per pound is an unduly low price for the metal, just as 17 cents was unwarrantedly high, but the past ten months of low prices have greatly bettered the copper trade by stimulating consumption, checking production in weak quarters and working the accumulated stock into manufactured articles. It is a fact, not grasped by some students of political economy, that "hard times" are the periods when any great industry is laying the foundation for another era of prosperity. It is to be hoped that there will be no repetition of 17-cent copper, but it is absolutely certain that higher prices must soon rule for the metal. The price of wheat the world over is made on the Chicago Board of Trade and in Mark lane, London; the price of cotton is fixed by the quotations made in New Orleans, New York and Manchester, by the various cotton exchanges; but the price of copper is not made by the metal exchanges of New York and London. The great bulk of the copper consumed in the United States is sold privately, by sales agents of the producers to the various consumers, and the transactions on the New York metal exchange are mainly speculative, sometimes following the real market and sometimes lagging in the rear.

Sources of Asbestos Supply.

Mines and Minerals.

Although asbestos is found in almost every part of the world, there are, apparently, but two countries which produce material of the kind of any real value. They are Italy and Canada. The specimens of asbestos from these countries each possess the essential properties for manufacture, viz., strength, combined with elasticity, rendering them fit for spinning or weaving treatment. Of the two qualities Italian is of course by far superior, the fiber being much longer and more silky. Asbestos varies somewhat in color, the Italan being of a light brown tint and Canadian white, while South African is a rather dark blue. With regard to the last named kind, its fiber is about the same length as that of the Candian quality, but will not resist fire. Experiments made by the asbestos company with which I am connected proved that, when subjected to great heat, South African asbestos becomes rotten, which is probably due to the large percentage of iron and salt it contains. Italian asbestos contains about 80 per cent. silicate of magnesium and 3 per cent. oxide of iron, whereas African asbestos has only about 50 per cent. silica and nearly 40 per cent. oxide of iron. A trifle superior to African asbestos is that found in East Russia, but this also has proved quite unsatisfactory for commercial purposes and is useless to the manufacturer. Indeed, all asbestos other than Italian and Canadian is generally too brittle or stony for use, although it is possible that some country may give us a good and useful form of asbestos in the future, as discoveries are constantly occurring.

A Song of Early Autumn.

When late in the summer the streams run yellow,
Burst the bridges and spread into bays;
When berries are black and peaches are mellow,
And hills are hidden by rainy haze;

When the golden rod is golden still,
But the heart of the sunflower is darker and sadder;
When the corn is in stacks on the slopes of the hill,
And slides o'er the path the striped adder;

When butterflies flutter from clover to thicket,
Or wave their wings on the drooping leaf;
When the breeze comes shrill with the call of the cricket,
Grasshopper's rasp, and the rustle of sheaf;

When high in the field the fern leaves wrinkle,
And brown is the grass where the mowers have mown;
When low in the meadow the cow bells tinkle,
And small brooks crinkle o'er stock and stone;

When heavy and hollow the robins whistle
And shadows are deep in the heat of noon;
When the air is white with the down o' the thistle,
And the sky is red with the harvest moon;

Oh, then be chary, young Robert and Mary,
No time let slip, not a moment wait!
If the fiddle would play it must stop its tuning,
And they who would wed must be done with their mooning;
Let the churn rattle, see well to the cattle,
And pile the wood by the barnyard gate!

—Richard Watson Gilder.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in Indianapolis Postoffice, Thursday, Nov. 6, 1902.

If not called for in two weeks these letters will be sent to the dead letter office. Persons calling for letters in the following list will please say they are advertised, give date of list, and pay 1 cent for those obtained. Free delivery of letters by carriers to the addressee's residence can be secured by observing the following rules:

First—Direct letters plainly to street and number.

Second—Request your correspondents to do likewise.

Third—Have written or printed request for return on your envelope, giving street and number.

Fourth—Use ink when addressing letters when possible, and leave sufficient space at top of envelope for stamp and postmark.

Letters addressed to persons known to be transient should be marked "Transient" in lower left-hand corner of envelope. "A. B. C., General Delivery," or similarly addressed letters are "fictitious," and not deliverable.

Ladies.

Applegaith, Mrs. Susie.
Anderson, Mrs. Jane.
Bradshaw, Mrs. Julia.
Burgess, Mrs. Pearl.
Bohman, Mrs. Nellie.
Baker, Miss Lula.
Brown, Miss Ada.
Baker, Mrs. Mary.
Bennet, Mrs. Julia.
Biles, Miss Minnie.
Barley, Miss Edna.
Bruce, Miss Ella.
Brown, Miss Lura.
Beck, Mrs. C.
Bishop, Miss Mabel.
Brown, Mrs. Will Herbert.
Branham, Mrs. J. A.
Bell, Mrs. Dosha.
Broner, Mrs. Lizzie.
Bryant, Miss Edith.
Blay, Martha.
Bradshaw, Mrs. Heling.
Burton, Miss Cora.
Brown, Miss Edith.
Cummings, Miss Jennie.
Campiglio, Miss Carlotta.
Christie, Miss Elizabeth.
Cook, Miss Leon.
Causs, Bell.
Clifford, Mrs. William.
Cook, Mrs. Anna.
Chappell, Mrs. Molly.
Clay, Mrs. Maggie.
Cunningham, Miss Margaret.
Curfey, Mrs. Nancy.
Davis, Miss Zella.
Day, Miss Lula.
Davis, Miss Mary W.
Downs, Mrs. Alice.
Dudley, Miss Lucy.
De Honey, Mrs. Amy.
Dodson, Mrs. Nettie.
Daggs, Miss Mary.
Eberle, Dr. Julia G.
Ewing, Mrs. Delia.
Feagans, Josephine.
Frost, Miss Edna.
Foster, Miss Hester.
Gant, Mrs. Fannie.
Glidwell, Miss Martha.
Gilbert, Mrs. B.
Groves, Mr. and Mrs. William.
Gallagher, Miss Myrtle.
Geager, Mrs. Mattie.
Goodin, Mrs. Thomas.
Girte, Allie.
Garver, Miss Sadie.
Hendrix, Mrs. A.
Houran, Miss Elizabeth.
Harvey, Kesiah.
Hardin, Minnie.
Hadley, Mrs. Mary E.
Hendrickson, Mrs. Ella.
Helney, Miss Myrtle.
Hoffner, Miss Anna.
Huffman, Miss Fannie.
Johnson, Mrs. B.
Johnson, Mrs. Mary.
Jones, Miss Ida F.
Johnson, Miss Ella.
Johnson, Mrs. Lizzie.
Kelso, Mrs. Delia.
Kahle, Miss Laura.
Kamann, Miss Minnie.
Low, Tillie.
Leyhan, Miss Ellen M.
Lavenburg, Miss Margaret.
Long, Mrs. Miney.
Lowe, Mrs. Joe.
Miller, Miss Annie.
McKitrick, Miss Eva.
Marton, Isabel.
Matz, Miss May.
Murray, Miss Mollie.
Mitchell, Miss Topsy.
Mesdill, Mrs. Julia C.
Morrissey, Margaret.
Myer, Mrs. Cora.
Moran, Miss Margaret.
Mahoney, Miss Mary.
Miles, Rosanna.
Miller, Miss Gracie.
Morris, Miss Bettie.
Miller, Mrs. Cathrine.
Myers, Miss Alice.
Mayo, Miss Mary.
Mayhew, Miss Ann E.
Marsh, Miss Adeline.
McConnell, Mrs. J. D.
McCarty, Annie.
Murdock, Mrs. J. W.
McGovern, Miss June.
More, Mattie (2.)
Norvell, Miss Mollie.
Nixon, Mrs. C. O.
Nichols, Waneta.
Norris, Mrs. Minnie.
Ohlin, Miss Julia.
Oakey, Miss Isabelle O.
Okes, Miss Zona.
Orsborn, Mrs. Edith.
Paul, Sister Mary.
Palmer, Mrs. F. S.
Poffenberger, Mrs. C. B.
Payne, Mrs. Bettie.
Powell, Mrs. A. E.
Richardson, Miss Jessie.
Reinhardt, Mr. and Mrs. F. J.
Rohechek, Mrs. L.
Rogers, Miss Ellen.
Rowe, Miss Bessie.
Rennick, Mrs. H. S.
Rhoads, Miss Effie.
Rumple, Miss Avis.
Rice, Mrs. Lulla.
Robins, Mrs. A.
Rogers, Miss Allie.
Ross, Mrs. H. M.
Roselle, Miss Ethel Kite.
Steyner, Mrs. E.
Stow, Mrs. Anna.
Spence, Anna.
Skidmore, Miss Myrtle.
Smith, Miss Ola.
Shoaff, Mrs. Mary M.
Seymour, Miss Muriel.
Swan, Flora.
Slocomb, Miss Zella.
Smith, Mrs. Ella.
Smith, Mrs. E.
Smith, Miss Glen.
Sanders, Mrs. Luella.
Stewart, Mrs. Lizzie Parry.
Stuart, Miss Minnie.
Stewart, Miss Hettie.
Stillwell, Miss Fannie.
Stone, Miss Emma.
Tompkins, Miss Mary.
Turner, Mrs. Sallie.
Todd, Miss Mable.
Thompson, Mrs. William.
Toole, Miss Mary E.
Underwood, Miss Pearl.
Vollet, Mrs. Dora.
Vinscent, Miss Hattie.
Watkins, Miss Florence.
West, Miss Alice.
Williams, Miss K.
Warren, Miss Alto.
Wiley, Miss Jeanella.
Warfield, Mrs. W.
White, Miss Nellie.
Walton, Mrs. Ivan.
Whitson, Miss Ivah.
Winchester, Miss Grace.
Williams, Mrs. Anna.
Yokey, Mrs. Angie.
Young, Mrs. Bessie.
York, Pearl.
Zaring, Miss Anna.

Gentlemen.

Andrews, Aug.
Ashley, Eddie G.
Andrews, Bob.
Addison, Thomas.
Austin, Martin.
Asberry, H.
Baker, J. W.
Baxter, Samuel W.
Pay, John.
Bonham, V. W.
Brown, L. R.
Barnett, James.
Branson, S. J.
Burns, Steve.
Berry, W. H.
Bartholomay, Joe.
Bonham, V. W.
Bicknell, A. H.
Browning, Ray.
Bonham, V. W.
Bennett, R. T.
Baldwin, John.
Blackwell, Robert.
Baker, James.
Bales, Chas. A.
Barror, Harold.
Bohler, J. J.
Clover, John A.
Carll, Chas.
Clarke, Will F.
Carpenter, Budd.
Crall, C. J.
Culbertson, D. Frank.
Church, Waldo.
Clark, J. G.
Coppock, Arba.
Cheek, John.
Clarkson, Dr. C. B.
Clear, W. J.
Carson, Viney.
Caseber, J. S.
Dunn, Ben.
Duncan, J. C.
Day, Walter.
Dixon, A. L.
Dyer, Earnest.
Dally, William.
Delaney, George.
Davis, Thomas.
Devine, M.
Davis, John.
Dunbar, Charlie.
Dolan, John.
Ellsworth, Willard.
Elliott, M.
Fee, Frank.
Fletcher, Will.
Freeman, S. M.
Furgusson, John.
French, A.
Fry, Harmon.
Gale, James.
Gudge, E. E.
Gow, Willard.
Gulliks, Joseph.
Griffith, Paul.
Garard, Joseph.
Goggen, Ed.
Green, O. C.
Howe, Wm.
Hughes, Robert.
Hinkle, L.
Hoskins, Horace R.
Hanker, Frank.
Hazzard, G.
Harris, W. H.
Heydon, M. E.
Hayes, Mr. Roe.
Huber, Frank.
Hobson, Homer H.
Heyser, M.
Huffman, Edward.
Hughes, D. M.
Hall, Sam.
Hanes, Willie.
Henderson, W.
Hankins, Kelin.
Hayes, W.
Harper, Charlie.
Hunter, James D.
Hislip, Henry.
Harden, Dr. C. A.
Horner, Earl N.
Henly, A. C.
Isgrigg, I. A.
Jeffries, Theo.
Jones, Roy.
Judkins, O. H.
Kile, O. W.
Kayloe, Oscar.
Kessler, Chas.
Kramer, J. H.
Kelly, W. H.
Lewis, B. T.
Left, William.
Lorben, John.
Lewis, Archie S.
Logan, W. C.
Legg, Wm. D.
Land, Frank H.
McCracken, George.
Murry, J. J.
Matthews, J. Sherrie.
Marrion, Thomas.
McCaffrey, Thos. H.
Moore, G. Ed.
Maddock, F. L.
Maddock, F. L.
Morss, E. E.
McCarty, J. O.
Neal, Ollie.
Newlin, N. J.
Neugent, O. E.
Noble, William.
Odeam, William.
Orem, Virgil.
Oakley, Harvey.
Parton, Elmer.
Pace, Alvin.
Phillips, E. S.
Pattee, J. H.
Pope, H. A.
Pierson, Chas. F.
Palmer, Edward.
Phler, J. T.
Quinn, Arthur J.
Redgwick, M.
Reed, J. B.
Rhoads, O.
Richardson, Everett W.
Record, Harvey J.
Riddell, Glenn.
Robinson, T. M.
Roach, Wm.
Rowe, Geo. M.
Robbins, B. E.
Reeger, W. D.
Robinson, Joseph S.
Small, Burch.
Schmurr, Burt.
Sheets, Carl.
Sanders, Hiram.
Schenck, John.
Stiner, Ross A.
Sheridan, J. B.
Shingler, William.
Stryker, E. E.
Stanton, Rev. I. A.
Scott, Freeman.
Speacth, Chas.
Stahle, Wm.
Stradford, Will.
Smith, W. M.
Taylor, Mike.
Tyler, Otto.
Treloar, Delbert C.
Thomas, Dr.
Tucker, Jesse.
Tague, Lee.
Trotter, Lonie.
Thomas, Harry.
Trippler, Lee.
Thompson, H.
Whitney, William.
West, Charley C.
Williamson, James.
West, Warner.
Williams, George.
Wilson, Jesse.
Wetz, Joseph.
Williams, Tuila.
Wigham, Dr. G. A.
Walker, H. C.
Webb, William Brey.
Wyatt, V. S.
Wenston, George.
White, P.
Winning, W. L.
Yeazel, Dryden.
Yoke, George.
Zindel, H. A.

Miscellaneous.

American Medical Agency.
Fort Wayne & Southwestern R. R. Co.
Gertrude Skin Food Co., The.
Indianapolis Electric Supply Co.
Imperial Wheel Co.
Novelty Foundry Co.
Nelson Matter Furniture Co.
Pretoria Baking Powder Co. (2.)
Supply Mfg. Co., The.
White Cloud Medicine Co.
Withington Handle Mfg. Co., The.

GEO. F. M'GINNIS, P. M.